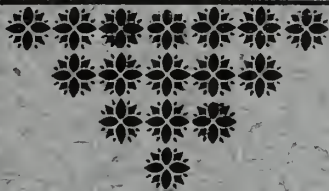


1st Lady to ...  
MONTANA CASE

STATE OF MONTANA

# PIONEER DAY

November 4, 1910



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STATE OF MONTANA

# PIONEER DAY

November 4, 1910



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## Foreword.

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In compliance with the law of the State of Montana setting apart the first Friday in November of each year to be known as Pioneer Day, this small pamphlet has been prepared to be sent to all county superintendents for distribution by them to the teachers for use in the schools under their supervision.

This publication is a selection of a few facts relating to pioneer days in Montana and is intended to be used in any way that the teacher may prefer. The Montana Edition of the Pacific History Stories and Katherine Judson's Montana, the Land of the Shining Mountains may be profitably consulted and used in the exercises of the day.

Superintendents and teachers, we trust will use proper effort to suitably celebrate Pioneer Day, in the public schools of the state. The program presented, is merely suggestive, and may be amended to suit the ideas of the teacher and conditions of the school. It is suggested that in cities and towns having more than one school, the interest in these exercises may be largely increased by holding union services.

W. Y. PEMBERTON, Librarian.

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

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1. Song.
2. Recitation or Reading.
3. Recitation—Poem.
4. Address by Pioneer or Teacher.
5. Recitation or Reading.
6. Recitation or Reading.
7. Music.
8. Recitation—Poem.
9. Recitation or Reading.
10. Song—"America."

## Events Connected With Montana History.

(Chronological Table.)

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- 1803—Louisiana Purchase.
- 1805—Lewis and Clark discovered the Great Falls of the Missouri.
- 1863—Gold discovered in Alder Gulch, May 26.
- 1864—Congress created Montana a separate and distinct Territory. Law signed by President Lincoln, May, 26.
- 1864—First Territorial Legislature met in Bannack Dec. 12.  
Sidney Edgerton first Territorial Governor.  
First Legislature composed of seven councilmen and thirteen representatives.
- 1865—Capital removed to Virginia City.
- 1875—Capital removed to Helena.
- 1876—Battle of the Little Big Horn (Custer's Last Stand),  
June 25.
- 1877—Battle of the Big Hole, Aug. 9.
- 1899—Montana admitted into the Union, Nov. 8.  
First State Legislature met Nov. 23.  
First Governor of the State, Joseph K. Toole.



## Pioneer Days.

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O Memory, thy pictures are vivid and grand;  
I see in thy gallery a used-to-be land  
Where many young prospectors fearless and bold,  
Had settled out west in their fever for gold;  
And in fancy I see in that dim far away  
Those faces of friends in the Pioneer day.

I see a log-cabin with clinking dabled o'er,  
But the latch-string hangs out on that rude cabin door.  
A welcome to strangers to share the pine-knot,  
And list to the yarns, not long since forgot.  
Oh, hearty the handshake and gladsome the gaze.  
When we welcomed a stranger in Pioneer days.

And music! I fancy again I can hear  
The old fiddler's tuning as midnight draws near;  
And I see the sweet blushes of Tracy's bride, when  
She must choose for a partner, one man out of ten.  
And merry the dance till the sun's slanting rays  
Peeped over the hiltops in Pioneer days.

I see the cold stars hanging high in the sky  
As they wink and they blink when my comrad and I  
Lie rolled in our blankets on some mountain slope  
Where we'd prospected day after day, filled with hope;  
And the coyote's lone howl seemed in dreamland's fair maze  
Like a soft lullaby—in Pioneer days.

O Pioneer days so wild and so free,  
The memory of you brings sweet rapture to me.  
And the friends I once loved—some are dead—and they say  
Some are spending life's winter in lands far away;  
But wherever they are, do they still sing the praise  
Of life in the Rockies in Pioneer days?

GOODYEAR LANSING.



## Early Mining Life at Bannack and Alder Gulch.

By James Fergus.

(From Rocky Mountain Magazine.)

The wild fever of speculation that passed over Minnesota in 1855 and 1856 was followed by a reaction in 1857 and 1858, that broke up many of her business men. Added to this reaction all the northern portion of the state was visited in those last years by myriads of grasshoppers, while floods in the Mississippi carried away the timber booms, and millions of feet of logs went down the river. Business, of course, came to a standstill; some of those whose business was broken up or who could not find profitable employment went, in 1860, to Colorado. Later, some of the loyal portion entered the army, but the majority, belonging to what was called the "Moccasin" or pro-slavery democracy, remained behind. In the spring of 1862 a private party was organized to go to the Salmon River Gold Mines, then lately discovered. In that party were John Potter and Mark Leadbeater—now of Gallatin Valley. Later James L. Fisk, then a private in a Minnesota regiment, received a Captain's commission and the command of an emigrant escort from Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River of the North, to Fort Benton; their ultimate destination being the Salmon River Gold Mines. As it was late in the season before this party was organized, little time was given for preparation, and some of the party from Little Falls and neighborhood started off with but one or two days' notice, some after it had reached Abercrombie, and David Bently and William Sturgis overtaking it on the plains. It left Abercrombie in July, and it may be remarked here that, while there were some good men in the party, it contained as many broken, reckless men as ever crossed the plains together. The trip was pleasant. Nothing unusual occurred other than one wedding and one birth. At Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, we were joined by Mr. Meldrum, of the American Fur Co., and near the mouth of Milk River by large bands of Gros Ventres and River Crow Indians. On our arrival at Fort Benton we learned that the Salmon River mines were overrun with men, and that gold had been found on the Prickly Pear, at Gold Creek, on the Boulder at Big Hole, and at Bannack. A party went ahead to Prickly Pear, and on their return a consultation was

held near what is called the Three Mile House, three miles south of Silver City. All the emigrants (except Rockwell, Ault, Ellis, Wright, Sturgis, Cardwell and some few that went on to Washington and Oregon Territory), and I went into Prickly Pear, and commenced building houses for the winter. In a short time N. P. Langford and ————— were commissioned to proceed to Bannack, where Rockwell and party had already gone, and report the condition of the mines, etc., at that point. The result was that nearly the whole of the Minnesota party moved to Bannack. Fisk had gone west by way of San Francisco to report at Washington. John Potter and Co., who preceded us across the plains, were operating in Pike's Peak Gulch, but afterwards also came to Bannack, as did all outsiders to winter, also a number of roughs, from the "West Side" who soon set to work to get their living otherwise than by hard work.

Rows soon commenced in the whisky shops, and murders were a daily occurrence, and finally a crisis was reached, which I can better describe by a leaf from a memorandum kept by me at that time. (David Bently and I were then working at joiner's work.) It is headed:

### A Day in a Mining Camp.

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Bannack City Gold Mines,  
Idaho Territory, Jan. 21, 1863.

"Morning bright and pleasant; another coffin to make—three in a few days. The first man died of apoplexy, induced by drinking too long and too freely of his own bad whisky; the second was shot in cold blood in mid-day, and the murderer (Plummer) is still at large untried, unpunished, and no one molests him; the third, a young man in the prime of life, lately married, died of fever. At four o'clock coffin was finished. Went across the river to hang a door, was detained until dark, when suddenly six or eight shots were heard in rapid succession across the river, instantly followed by the most unearthly screaming and wailing from some Indian lodges situated on Yankee Flats, occupied by a few helpless squaws and papooses of the lower class, inoffensive, doing no one any harm, and living among us by virtue of an understanding or treaty made with the Indians last fall. I hastened over and found that some fiends had crawled up unperceived and fired into the lodges, and killed one or two



old Indians and squaws and several children. Of course consternation ensued, and interpreters were sent for to ascertain from the Indians who had committed the horrible deed, and to assure them that the whites generally were not going to massacre them. Still more horrible to relate, while this investigation was going on in the Indian lodges, the murderers returned reinforced, and, regardless of the presence of the whites, and the wailings and anguish of the bereaved savages, fired the contents of their guns and revolvers into the lodges, wounding four white men—one mortally—and more Indian women and children. What an atrocious deed! What a savage murder! Here is work for the morrow. The miners are aroused at last, murderers are to be caught and punished, and the Indians to be appeased, or a thousand armed savages may pounce on us at an unlooked for moment."

I omit the remainder. Suffice it to say that the miners were fairly aroused, a meeting was held and men appointed or rather volunteered, to follow and bring back the murderers, who were known to have left town on the Deer Lodge road.

And here I will say that Bannack was settled principally from three points, viz.: Disappointed Colorado miners who had started for Salmon River, and were generally known as Pike's Peakers, the Fisk and other Minnesota emigrants, sometimes known as "Tenderfeet" and prospectors and roughs from the west side. Consequently there was little harmony, and good men from those three parties took longer to find each other out, to know who were roughs and who were their friends, than if they all had been from one place, or longer acquainted. Again every man had left his home to better his condition. Bannack was not supposed to be a settlement but simply a mining camp, where every one was trying to get what he could and then go home. Consequently the majority were simply trying to attend to their own business, and to let that of others alone. These murders finally roused their better natures, the murderers were caught, a meeting held for their trial, and, while there was no lack of courage or brave men, or men of good sense, there was a wonderful lack of men who could or would speak in public—men, who, understanding the principles of law, had the gift to state them and the courage to do it then and there.

Judge Smith was employed by the prisoners,—Colonel McLean

would have nothing to do with it—and we were just like a mob without a leader. Had these cases been prosecuted like that of George Ives, then Plummer, Moore, Reeves and Mitchell would have been hanged, no road-agents would have been organized and no necessity would have existed for a vigilance committee.

Plummer, on motion of Judge Smith, was allowed to tell his own pitiful story, with a tear in his eye, and was acquitted by a majority of the meeting to become the leader of highwaymen. Moore, Reeves and Mitchell were tried by a jury with Judge Smith to plead for them, and they were banished—to return in a few weeks.

Early in the spring of '63 Henry Edgar, now living near Missoula; Thos. Cover and William Fairweather, both dead now, and others started east into the Yellowstone Country on a prospecting trip, but were turned back by Indians. They camped on what is now known as Alder Gulch, just above where Virginia City now stands. Edgar and Fairweather got big prospects in the gravel, claims were staked, news of the find got out, miners rushed in from other camps, Colorado and the states. The gulch was staked for twelve miles, nearly every claim paying. Virginia City was laid out, and soon had its theatre, dance-houses, prize fights, saloons, hotels and stores. Miners' laws were passed. Dr. Steele, just in from Colorado, was its first president. James Fergus, as Henry Edgar's deputy did the recording, fees being fifty cents for any kind of document, the recorder furnishing his own books. The rowdy element commenced to loom up here as at Bannack, particularly among the young. Plummer, who was sheriff at Bannack, came to Virginia City and was elected Sheriff there. George Ives shot at A. M. Holter on the highway because he had no money to give him, and killed another man a few weeks afterward near the same place for the same reason. The camp was now aroused, but this time they found a leader in Wilbur F. Sanders, who knew what to say and had the courage to say it. Ives was arrested, tried by a miners' court and sentenced to be hanged on motion of Mr. Sanders, who stood up and made the motion with the drawn pistols of the desperadoes pointed at him. This was the beginning of law and order. A vigilance committee was formed, officers appointed and the road agents caught and shot or hanged. In the meantime new diggings were found at Last Chance, Diamond City, Silver Creek,



Bevin's Gulch and others. Our first election at Virginia City, where the writer stood inside a window in a big hall, and took in 2,232 votes and swore in over 50 voters, was carried by what we called the "secesh" or Southerners, and I believe was as honest as any election since held in Montana, and was without the aid of secret ballots or costly registration.

It was not long after Alder Gulch was discovered when Congress organized the Territory of Montana out of what was then Idaho and Dakota, passing an enabling act and appointed a governor and other necessary officers.

Knowing what Montana is now, we may take a retrospect and see whether, as a people, we have improved. Today we are said to be the richest state in the union, in proportion to the population, pay the highest wages, and live the most extravagant lives. Some nations like some individuals, die young from bad management or constitutional defects; some reach maturity, while some by prudence, temperance and wise habits live to a good old age. Therefore as all the nations of antiquity are things of the past, this political fabric that we have founded must follow the same inexorable law. It has passed through its period of infancy, is just reaching maturity. Shall it die in its prime or shall it reach a good old age? And who will follow us as pioneers? These are questions of vast importance—questions that concern not only the future of our country, but of our prosperity, the solution of which depends in a great measure on the present generation. The past is gone. We can only profit by its experiences. The past is beyond our grasp, but by good example and virtuous habits in the present, we can do much for the future.

## Bonneville and Bridger.

By William S Brackett.

(From Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana.)

### JAMES BRIDGER.

The lives of Captain Bonneville, the explorer, and of James Bridger the scout, strongly remind the members of the Montana Historical Society of the supreme importance of placing on record before they are forever lost, all the great unrecorded events which make up the history of the Rocky Mountain States.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, Va., 1804, and died in Washington, Mo., 1881. As early as 1820, he was in the Rocky Mountains, and was later on associated with Fitzpatrick as a partner in the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. He was a recognized leader among the mountaineers before 1830. He discovered the Great Salt Lake, and was employed as chief guide in many government expeditions. He built Fort Bridger in the beautiful valley of Black's Fork of Green River, and dwelt there with his Indian wife for many years.

Theodore Winthrop, the talented author, visited Fort Bridger about 1853. He thus describes it: "It is an adobe mud fort, with palisades, on a sweep of plain, an oasis in a desert. The palisades of old Bridger's Malakoff enclose a space a hundred feet square. The rest is open clod, the native carpet of the region. Adobes, crumbling as the most strawless bricks ever moulded by the grumbling Hebrew with an Egyptian taskmaster, are the principal material of Bridger's message."

Captain Howard Stansbuay, U. S. A., visited Bridger at the fort in 1849 when making his exploration and survey of the Great Salt Lake. He says: "Fort Bridger, an Indian trading post is situated on Black's Fork of Green River, on an extensive island in the stream. We were received with great kindness and lavish hospitality by the proprietor, James Bridger, one of the oldest mountaineers in this entire region, who has been engaged in the Indian trade here for the past thirty years. Several of my wagons needing repair, the train was detained five days for the purpose, Bridger courteously placing his blacksmith shop at my service."

Bridger was a wonderful guide and a born topographer. The

whole west and all the passes and labyrinth of the Rocky Mountains were mapped out in his mind. He had such a sense of locality and direction that he used to say that he could "smell his way where he could not see it." "With a buffalo skin and a piece of charcoal says Captain Gunnison, who employed Bridger as a guide, "he will map out any portion of this immense region and delineate streams, mountains, and the circular valleys, called "holes" with wonderful accuracy." Scores of prominent government and private expeditions employed him as a guide and chief scout running through a period of fifty years. General Sheridan as late as 1868, consulted Bridger about his plan of making winter campaigns against hostile Indians. The old scout came out on the frontier from St. Louis, where he was living, to consult with the renowned general and give him the benefit of his advice, knowledge and experience.

In person Bridger was tall and spare, but erect, active and energetic. His hair was brown and long, and covered his head abundantly even in old age. His eyes were gray and keen; his habitual expression was mild, and his manner kind and agreeable. He was, like most old mountaineers, very generous and hospitable and was respected and trusted by white men and Indians alike. He always treated Indians with justice, and had their confidence to a high degree. His wife was an Indian woman of the Shoshone tribe.

He knew of the great geysers of the Firehole Valley in Yellowstone Park as early as 1840 and visited them about 1844. He described them too, but most men disbelieved him at the time. His descriptions are now proved to be accurate and truthful. Disgusted at his unmerited treatment and angered at the talk about "old Jim Bridger lies," he retaliated, as so many other old mountain men have done, by "stuffing" his tenderfoot listeners with the most preposterous stories his imagination could conjure up.

The testimony of scores of prominent military commanders and civilians can be produced, showing that James Bridger was always to be trusted and believed in, as a guide, scout, trader and all round pioneer. I am always glad to look at his everlasting monument in Montana; that grand mountain peak near the city of Bozeman overlooking the Gallatin Valley and named in honor of him.



Although Bridger never spoke in detail of Bonneville's expedition except to speak of our following the same trail, I have always thought of the two men together.

Bonneville, the courtly French-born soldier, ever suave and polished, was an entirely different type of man, and in every way offers a striking contrast to the old-time American frontiersman, James Bridger. There is nothing more interesting in the history of early days in the Rocky Mountains than the life and career of Captain Bonneville.

#### CAPTAIN B. L. E. BONNEVILLE.

Benjamin L. E. Bonneville was born in France in 1795, and died at Fort Smith, Ark., 1878, being at the time Colonel on the retired list of the United States Army, and a brigadier general by brevet. During the time that he was stationed in the West, he became very familiar with the remote regions of the Rocky Mountains, and was filled with an ardent desire to be an explorer of the then unknown west. A leave of absence was granted him by the war department, Aug. 3, 1831.

Bonneville secured the aid in New York of men of wealth, interested in the fur trade of the West, and was thus able to fit out his expedition which started for the Rocky Mountains from the frontier post at Fort Osage, on the Missouri River, May 1, 1832. He had with him 110 men most of whom had been in the Indian country, and some of whom were experienced hunters and trappers. Up to that time all western expeditions had used mules and pack horses for transportation. Bonneville was the first man who substituted wagons for the old method, and is said to be the first man who ever crossed the backbone of "Great Divide" of the American continent with wagons.

His train consisted of twenty wagons, some drawn by oxen and some by mules and horses. Most of the men had already experienced the wild freedom of savage life, and looked forward to a renewal of past scenes of adventure and exploit. Their very experience and equipment was a piebald mixture, half civilized, and half savage. Their march was animated and joyous.

But all this hilarity disappeared as Bonneville's men entered upon the real difficulties of the journey beyond the pale of civilization and the wagons were placed in double columns with advance and rear guards. Bonneville's customary method of forming a camp is interesting. His twenty wagons were disposed



in a square at the distance of 33 feet from each other. In every interval a mess outfit was stationed, and each mess had its own fire when the men cooked, ate, gossiped and slept. The horses were placed at night in the center of the square and were always under vigilant guard.

Bonneville in his journal often speaks of the dangers and difficulties of fording streams with his wagons. On one occasion finding no ford to the Platte River, he caulked his wagon boxes with gum and oakum and floated them across. Often he was in danger of losing horses, wagons and men when crossing rivers.

It must have been some great fascination for life in those wild mountains that induced Captain Bonneville to overstay his leave of absence, as he did, and fail to return to civilization until the autumn of 1835. His leave of absence expired in Oct., 1833. His name was stricken from the army rolls as dead or lost, in 1834, and his return was not until the following year, when after a good deal of trouble he was reinstated in the army with his former rank.

He was one of those men who thoroughly understood the savage races and could control them. The Indians loved him as a friend, and he loved them. All who knew anything of the Nez Perces Indians know that they are a noble and generous race of Indians, and Bonneville thoroughly appreciated them as such.

On Salmon River the Indians invited him to live and camp with them, and the white hunters and Indians shared with each other their food, their lodges, and all property like brothers or members of the same clan. Never probably, in the history of this country have such peaceful and harmonious relations prevailed between Indians and whites as existed between Bonneville's men and the Nez Perces. Filled with good cheer and mountain mutton, the free trappers and hunters made love to the Indian maidens of the Nez Perces, and took them as willing wives to their lodges and huts. There are to-day in the tribe, many descendants of these "marriages." Captain Bonneville speaks of them as a "sort of brevet rank in matrimony," and he endeavored to provide a regular ceremony for each wedding.

After several of these weddings were celebrated at the beginning of winter, the followers of Bonneville and their Indian allies prepared for a grand celebration of Christmas Day. On Christmas

Eve the rejoicings began with a *feu de joie* around the lodge of the head chief of the Nez Percés. The chief in turn invited all the hunters and trappers to a feast the next day—a Christmas festival celebrated in the heart of the Rockies by Indians and whites, dwelling together like a band of brothers, in the year 1832. The banquet was served in primitive style. Skins of various kinds were spread on the ground; upon these were heaped an abundance of venison, elk meat and mountain mutton, served with various bitter and aromatic roots used by the Indians as condiments. After a short prayer offered by Captain Bonneville all seated themselves around the fires where the banquets were served and the feasts passed off midst great hilarity.

The noble character of Bonneville, and his kind and genial disposition had a marked influence on the opposite races thus accidentally congregated. Bonneville's conduct toward the Indians, and his fatherly help rendered them in many ways, entitle him to the highest praise as an ideal governor of a savage race.

## Adventure on the Upper Missouri.

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By James Stuart.

(From Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana.)

Ft. Union was the first fort built on the Missouri River, above the mouth of the Yellowstone. In the summer of 1829, Kenneth McKenzie, a trader from the upper Mississippi, near where St. Paul, Minnesota, is now located, with a party of fifty men came across the Upper Missouri River looking for a good place to establish a trading post for the American Fur Company. (McKenzie was a member of said company.) They selected a site a short distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone, on the north bank of the Missouri and built a stocade, two hundred feet square, of logs about twelve inches in diameter and twelve feet long, set perpendicularly, putting the lower end two feet in the ground, with two block house bastions on diagonal corners of the stocade twelve feet high, pierced with two loop-holes. The dwelling houses, ware houses and stores were built inside, but not joining the stocade, leaving a space of about four feet between the walls of the building and the stocade. All the buildings were covered with earth, as a protection against fire by incendiary Indians. There was only one entrance to the stocade—a large double leaved gate, about twelve feet from post to post; with a small gate three and a half by five feet in one of the leaves of the main gate, which was the one mostly used, the large gate being opened occasionally when there were no Indians in the vicinity of the Fort. The houses, warehouses and stores were all built about the same height as the stocade. The above description, with the exception of the area enclosed by the stocade, will describe nearly all forts built by traders on the Missouri River from St. Louis to the headwaters. They are easily built, convenient and good for defense. The fort was built to trade with the Assinaboines, who were a large tribe of Indians ranging from White Earth River on the north side of the Missouri, to the mouth of Milk River, and north into the British possessions. They were a peacable, inoffensive people armed with bows and arrows, living in lodges made of buffalo skins and roving from place to place, according to the seasons of the year, occupying certain portions of their country during the summer and during the winter remaining where they



could be protected from the cold with plenty of wood. For fear of trouble with them, the traders did not sell them guns; but when an Indian proved to be a good hunter and a good friend to the traders by his actions and talk, he could occasionally borrow a gun and a few loads of ammunition to make a hunt. The principle articles of trade were alcohol, blankets, blue and scarlet cloth, sheeting (domestics), ticking, tobacco, knives, fire-steels, arrow-points, files, brass wire (different sizes), beads, brass tacks, leather belts (from 4 to 10 inches wide), silver ornaments for hair, shells, axes, hatchets, etc.,—alcohol being the principle article of trade, until after the passing of the act of Congress (June 30, 1834) prohibiting it under severe penalties. Until within the last few years (i. e. 1873) St. Louis was the point from which the traders brought their goods. They would start from there with Mackinaw boats, fifty feet long, ten feet wide on the bottom and twelve feet on top and four feet high, loaded with about fourteen tons of merchandise to each boat, and a crew of about twelve men, as soon as the ice went out of the river, usually about the first of March and would be six months in getting to Ft. Union, the boat having to be towed the greater part of the way, by putting a line ashore and the men walking along the bank pulling the boat. Every spring as soon as the ice went out of the river, boats would start from the fort for St. Louis, each boat loaded with three thousand robes, or its equivalent in other peltries, with a crew of five men to each boat, arriving at St. Louis in about thirty days. All the employees in the Indian country lived entirely on meat—the outfit of provisions for from fifty to seventy-five men being two barrels of flour, one sack of coffee, one barrel sugar, one barrel salt and a little soda and pepper. After the fort was established, and proved to be a permanent trading point, large quantities of potatoes, beets, onions, turnips, squashes, corn, etc., were raised, sufficient for each year's consumption. The wages for common laborers were \$220.00 for the round trip from St. Louis to Ft. Union, and back again to St. Louis, taking from fifteen to sixteen months to make it. Carpenters and blacksmiths were paid \$300.00 a year. The traders (being their own interpreters) were paid \$500.00 a year. The store and warehouse, or two stores, were built on each side of the gate, and on the side next to the interior of the fort the two buildings were connected by a gate similar to the main gate, the



space between the buildings and stocade filled in with pickets, making a large strong room without any roof or covering overhead. When the Indians wanted to trade, the inner gate was closed; a man would stand at the outer gate until all the Indians that wanted to trade, or as many as the space between the gates would contain, had passed in, then he would lock the outer gate and go through the trading hole into the store. The Indians would then pass whatever articles each one had to trade through the hole to the trader, and he would throw out the hole whatever the Indian wanted, to the value in trade of the article received. When the party was done trading, they were turned out and another party admitted. In that way of trading, the Indians were entirely at the mercy of the traders, for they were penned up in a room, and could all be killed through loop-holes in the store, without any danger to the traders. The articles brought by the Indians for trade were buffalo robes, elk, deer, antelope, bear, wolf, beaver, otter, fox, mink, martin, wildcat, skunk and badger skins. The country was literally covered with buffalo and the Indians killed them by making "surrounds." The Indians moved and camped with from one to four hundred lodges together—averaging about seven souls to the lodge; and when they needed meat the chief gave orders to make a "surround," when the whole camp, men, women, and the largest of the children, on foot and on horseback, would go under the direction of the soldiers and form a circle around as many buffalo as they wanted to kill—from three hundred to one thousand buffalo. They would then all start slowly for a common point and as soon as the circle commenced to grow smaller, the slaughter would begin and in a short time all inside the circle would be killed. The buffalo do not as a general rule, undertake to break through unless the circle is very small, but run round and round the circumference next to the Indians until they are all killed.

Fort Union burned down in 1831, and was rebuilt by McKenzie in the same year. This fort stood until 1868 when it was pulled down by order of the commanding officer at Ft. Buford (five miles below Union.)

In 1832, the first steamboat named the "Yellowstone" arrived at Ft. Union. From that time, every spring, the goods were brought up by the steamboats, but the robes, peltries, etc., were shipped from the fort every spring by Mackinaws to St. Louis.

In the winter of 1830, McKenzie desirous of establishing a trade with the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, sent a party of four men in search of the Indians to see if there was sufficient inducement to establish a trading post. The party started up the Missouri River with dog sleds to haul a few presents to the Indians, bedding, ammunition, moccasins, etc. They followed the Missouri to the mouth of the Marias River, thence up the Marias to the mouth of Badger creek, without seeing an Indian. Every night when they camped they hoisted the American flag, so that if they were seen by any Indians during the night they would know it was the white man's camp; and it was very fortunate for them that they had a flag to use in this manner, for the night that they camped at the mouth of Badger creek, they were discovered by a war-party of Blackfeet, who surrounded them during the night and as they were about firing on the camp, they saw the flag and did not fire, but took the party prisoners. A part of the Indians wanted to kill the whites and take what they had, but through the exertions and influence of a chief named "Good Woman," they were not molested in person or property, and went in safety to the Blackfoot Camp on Belly River, and stayed with the camp until spring. During the winter they explained their business, and prevailed upon about 100 Blackfeet to go with them to Union to seek McKenzie. They arrived at Ft. Union about April 1, 1831, and McKenzie got their consent to build a trading post at the mouth of the Marias. McKenzie started Kipp, with 75 men and an outfit of Indian goods, to build a fort at the mouth of the Marias River and he had the fort completed before the winter of 1831. Next spring, Col. Mitchell built some cabins on Brule bottom, and the houses at the mouth of the Marias were burned after the company moved to Brule bottom.

Alex. Culbertson was sent by McKenzie to relieve Mitchell, and to build a picket stocade fort two hundred feet square on the north bank of the Missouri River, which he completed during the summer and fall of 1832. This fort was occupied for 11 years until Ft. Lewis was built by Culbertson in 1844. Ft. Brule was then abandoned and burned. In 1846 Ft. Lewis was abandoned and Ft. Benton was built by Culbertson, about 7 miles below Ft. Lewis. It is 250 feet square, built of adobes laid upon the ground without any foundation of stone, and is now standing (1875) and occupied as a military post. The Piegans, Blackfeet and Blood



Indians, all talking the same language, claimed and occupied the country from the Missouri River to the Saskatchewan River. Prior to the building of the winter quarters at the mouth of the Marias, they had always traded with the Hudson Bay Co. There was a bitter rivalry between the Hudson Bay Co., and the American Fur Co. The Hudson Bay Co., often sent men to induce the Confederate Blackfeet to go north and trade, and the Indians said they were offered large rewards to kill all the traders on the Missouri River, and destroy the trading posts. McKeNzie wrote to Gov. Bird, the head man of the Hudson Bay Co., in the north in regard to the matter, and Bird wrote back to McKenzie saying: "When you know the Blackfeet as well as I do, you will know that they do not need any inducements to commit depredations."

The Hudson Bay Co., told the Indians that they wanted robes and from that time on they made furs their principle article of trade. The Company did not trade provisions of any kind to the Indians, but when an Indian made a good trade he would get a spoonful of sugar, which he would put in his medicine bag to use in sickness when all other remedies failed.

In 1842, F. A. Chardon, who was in charge of Ft. Brule, massacred about thirty Blackfeet Indians. The Indians had stolen a few horses and some little things out of the fort from time to time, and Chardon concluded to punish them for it. He waited until a trading party came in and when they were assembled in front of the gate, he opened the gate and fired upon them with a small cannon loaded with trade balls. After firing the cannon the men went out and killed all the wounded with knives. The Blackfeet stopped trading and moved into the British possessions, and made war on the post; and were so troublesome that Chardon abandoned Brule in the spring, went to the mouth of the Judith and built Ft. F. A. Chardon on the north bank of the Missouri River, a short distance above the mouth of the Judith River, which was burned when Culbertson built Ft. Lewis and made peace with the Blackfeet.

In 1832, McKenzie sent Tullock, with forty men, to build a fort at the mouth of the Big Horn River. Tullock built the fort named Van Buren, on the Yellowstone. In 1863, I saw the location. The pickets showed plainly; they had been burned to the ground and several of the chimneys were not entirely fallen down. The fort was built to trade with the Mountain Crows, an isolent

treacherous tribe of Indians. They wanted the location of their trading post changed nearly every year, consequently they had four trading posts built from 1832 to 1850, viz: Ft. Cass in 1836, Ft. Alexander, in 1849 and Ft. Sarpy in 1850 at the mouth of the Rosebud. Ft. Sarpy was abandoned in 1853 and there have not been any trading posts built on the Yellowstone since up to the present time (1857).

Kenneth McKenzie, after Lewis and Clark, was the pioneer of the Upper Missouri. He was a native of the Highlands of Scotland. When young he came in the service of the Hudson Bay Co., to Hudson's Bay. In 1820 he quit the Hudson Bay Co., and started to explore the country from Hudson's Bay to Red River and Lake Winnepeg; thence to the Lake Superior country; finally concluded to locate on the Upper Mississippi. In 1832 he went to New York and got an outfit of Indian trade goods on credit, and established a trading post on the Upper Mississippi, and remained in that part of the country until 1829, when he came to the Missouri and established Ft. Union. He was in charge of all the Northwestern Fur trade until 1839, when he resigned—Alexander Culbertson taking his place—and went to St. Louis where he went into the wholesale liquor trade, and lived there until he died in 1856 or 1857. He was a man of great courage, energy and judgment and great executive ability. His wife now (1873) resides in St. Louis..



## To a Pioneer.

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Lay him to rest in the valley he loved,  
With its rampart of snow-crowned hills;  
Chant softly, ye winds, his funeral dirge,  
And weep low, ye mountain rills;  
For as free as the mountain air was he  
And as pure as the virgin spring  
That wells from the rock, in the lofty peaks,  
Where the new-forged thunders ring.

No weakling rose plant on his grave,  
Nor a creeping vine sprout there,  
But over the head of our stalwart dead  
Shall the native pine grow fair.

He blazed the trail and he shaped the State,  
He led and we follow his way;  
He fought the fight for love of the right  
And not for the hypocrite's pay.  
As bitter and strong as the North-Wind's blast  
His voice, in censure rung,  
And never a traitor betrayed his trust,  
But quailed 'neath the lash of his tongue.

No shaft of stone need tell his praise  
Nor poet sing of his fame,  
For in every breast in the whole wide West  
Shall live his honored name.

Lay him to rest in the valley he loved,  
With its rampart of snow-crowned hills,  
Chant softly, ye winds, his funeral dirge,  
And weep low, ye mountain rills.  
Pillow his head on a lap of cool earth  
Where but yesterday he trod,  
And there on his couch beneath the blue sky,  
We'll leave him alone with his God.

—HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS.







